

HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY



HANDEL

MENDELSSOHN

PARKER

BOSTON · MUSIC · HALL
SEASON · 1896-97

EIGHTY-SECOND SEASON
SEVEN HUNDRED AND NINTH CONCERT

EASTER
SUNDAY EVENING

APRIL 18, 1897

MR. B. J. LANG, CONDUCTOR

Overture to Saint Paul

Redemption Hymn

CONDUCTED BY THE COMPOSER

MR. J. C. D. PARKER

Hear My Prayer

Hora Novissima

CONDUCTED BY THE COMPOSER

MR. HORATIO W. PARKER

MISS ELLA RUSSELL, SOPRANO

MISS GERTRUDE MAY STEIN, ALTO

MR. GEORGE J. PARKER, TENOR

MR. WATKIN MILLS, BASS

MR. ARTHUR FOOTE, ORGANIST

Players from the Boston Symphony Orchestra

Mr. I. SCHNITZLER, Principal

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY

BORN IN HAMBURG, FEBRUARY 3, 1809

DIED IN LEIPSIK, NOVEMBER 4, 1847

OVERTURE TO SAINT PAUL

J. C. D. PARKER

BORN IN BOSTON, JUNE 2, 1828

REDEMPTION HYMN

Alto Solo and Chorus. Produced by the Handel and Haydn Society, May 17, 1877; present performance the fourth.

Awake, put on strength, O arm of the Lord! Awake as in the ancient days, in the generations of old. Art thou not it that hath cut Rahab and wounded the dragon? Awake, put on strength, O arm of the Lord!

Art thou not it that hath dried the sea, the waters of the great deep, that hath made the depths of the sea a way for the ransomed to pass over? Therefore the redeemed of the Lord shall return and come with singing unto Zion. And everlasting joy shall be upon their head: they shall obtain gladness and joy: and sorrow and mourning shall flee away.

(MENDELSSOHN)

HEAR MY PRAYER

Motet for Soprano Solo and Chorus. Words by W. Bartholomew. Composed in 1844, for the Cathedral in Berlin. Dedicated to W. Taubert. First performance by the Handel and Haydn Society, May 7, 1874; present performance the fifth.

Hear my prayer, O God; incline thine ear: thyself from my petition do not hide. Take heed to me: hear how in prayer I mourn to thee. Without thee all is dark: I have no guide.

The enemy shouteth: the godless come fast:
Iniquity, hatred upon me they cast.
The wicked oppress me: ah where shall I fly?
Perplexed and bewildered, O God, hear my cry.

My heart is sorely pained within my breast:
My soul with deathly terror is oppressed:
Trembling and fearfulness upon me fall:
With horror overwhelmed, Lord, hear me call.

Oh for the wings of a dove!
Far away would I rove;
In the wilderness build me a nest,
And remain there for ever at rest.

HORATIO WILLIAM PARKER

BORN IN AUBURDALE, SEPTEMBER 15, 1863

HORA NOVISSIMA

OPUS 30. Composed in 1892, for the Church Choral Society of New York. Produced in the Church of the Holy Trinity, May 3, 1893. First performance by the Handel and Haydn Society, February 4, 1894; present performance the second.

Hymn by Saint Bernard of Cluny, about 1145

English version by Isabella G. Parker, 1892

PART ONE

I

CHORUS

Hora novissima,
Tempora pessima
Sunt : vigilemus.
Ecce minaciter
Imminet arbiter
Ille supremus.

Imminet, imminet,
Ut mala terminet,
Æqua coronet,
Recta remuneret,
Anxia liberet,
Æthera donet,

Auferat aspera
Duraque pondera
Mentis onustæ,
Sobria muniat,
Improba puniat,
Utraque juste.

Cometh earth's latest hour :
Evil hath mighty power :
Now watch we ever.
Lo, the great judge appears,
O'er the unfolding years,
Watching for ever.

Mightiest, mightiest,
He is made manifest
Right ever crowning ;
True hearts in mansion fair,
Free from all anxious care,
Ever enthroning.

Bears he the painful goad,
Lightens the heavy load,
Heavy it must be ;
Giveth the rich reward,
Meteth the penance hard,
Each given justly.

II

QUARTET

Hic breve vivitur :
Hic breve plangitur :
Hic breve fletur :
Non breve vivere,
Non breve plangere,
Retribuetur.

O retributio !
Stat brevis actio,
Vita perennis :
O retributio !
Cælica mansio
Stat lue plenis.

Here life is quickly gone :
Here grief is ended soon :
Here tears are flowing.
Life ever fresh is there,
Life free from anxious care,
God's hand bestowing.

O blessed Paradise !
Where endless glory lies,
Rapture unending.
O dwelling full of light,
Where Christ's own presence bright
Glory is lending.

Quid datur et quibus ?
 Æther egentibus
 Et cruce dignis,
 Sidera vermibus,
 Optima sontibus,
 Astra malignis.

Sunt modo prælia,
 Postmodo præmia :
 Qualia ? plena ;
 Plena refectio,
 Nullaque passio,
 Nullaque poena.

Who shall this prize attain,
 Who this blest guerdon gain,
 Here the cross bearing ?
 Crowns for the lowliest,
 Thrones for the holiest,
 Heaven's honours sharing.

Now is the battle hour ;
 Then great rewards our dower
 What are they ? blessing ;
 Blessings unknown before :
 Passion shall vex no more,
 Peace yet increasing.

III

BASS AIR

Spe modo vivitur,
 Et Syon angitur
 A Babylone :
 Nunc tribulatio,
 Tunc recreatio,
 Sceptra, coronæ.

Tunc nova gloria
 Pectora sobria
 Clarificabit,
 Solvet enigmata,
 Veraque sabbata
 Continuabit.

Patria splendida,
 Terraque florida,
 Libera spinis,
 Danda fidelibus
 Est ibi civibus,
 Hic peregrinis.

Zion is captive yet,
 Longing for freedom sweet,
 In exile mourning.
 Now is the hour of night ;
 Then, crowned with full delight,
 Zion returning.

Ever new glories still
 The inmost heart shall fill
 With joy supernal.
 All doubts shall disappear,
 When dawneth, calm and clear,
 Sabbath eternal.

O country glorious
 Love hath prepared for us,
 Thornless thy flowers.
 Given to faithful ones,
 There to be citizens :
 Such joy be ours.

IV

CHORUS

Pars mea, rex meus,
 In proprio Deus
 Ipse decore
 Visus amabitur,
 Atque videbitur
 Auctor in ore.

Tunc Jacob Israel,
 Et Lia tunc Rachel
 Efficietur :
 Tunc Syon atria
 Pulcraque patria
 Perficietur.

Most mighty, most holy,
 How great is the glory
 Thy throne enfolding.
 When shall we see thy face,
 And all thy wonders trace,
 Joyful beholding ?

All the long history,
 All the deep mystery,
 Through ages hidden.
 When shall our souls be blest,
 To the great marriage feast
 Graciously bidden ?

V

SOPRANO AIR

O bona patria,
Lumina sobria
Te speculantur:
Ad tua nomina
Sobria lumina
Collacrymantur:

Est tua mentio
Pectoris unctio,
Cura doloris,
Concupientibus
Æthera mentibus
Ignis amoris.

Tu locus unicus,
Illeque cælicus
Es paradisus:
Non ibi lacryma,
Sed placidissima
Gaudia, risus.

O country bright and fair,
What are thy beauties rare?
What thy rich treasure?
Thy name brings joyful tears,
Falling upon our ears,
Sweet beyond measure.

Thou art the home of rest:
Thy mention to the breast
Gives bliss unspoken.
Who learn thy blessed ways
Shall have in songs of praise
Comfort unbroken.

Thou only mansion bright,
Full of supreme delight,
Thou art preparing:
There shall all tears be dry:
There in serenest joy
All shall be sharing.

VI

QUARTET AND CHORUS

Tu sine littore,
Tu sine tempore,
Fons, modo rivus,
Dulce bonis sapis,
Estque tibi lapis
Undique vivus.

Est tibi laurea,
Dos datur aurea,
Sponsa decora,
Primaque principis
Oscula suscipis:
Inspicis ora.

Candida lilia,
Viva monilia
Sunt tibi, sponsa:
Agnus adest tibi,
Sponsus adest tibi,
Lux speciosa.

Tota negotia,
Cantica dulcia
Dulce tonare,
Tam mala debita,
Quam bona præbita
Conjubilare.

Thou ocean without shore,
Where time shall be no more,
Dwelling most gracious;
Fountain of love alone,
Thou hast the living stone,
Elect and precious.

Thou hast the laurel fair
The heavenly bride shall wear,
Robed in her splendor:
First shall the prince confer
All priceless gifts on her,
With glances tender.

There are the lilies white,
In garlands pure and bright,
Her brow adorning.
The Lamb her spouse shall be:
His light shines gloriously,
Fairer than morning.

There saints find full employ,
Songs of triumphant joy
Ever upraising.
They who are most beloved,
They who were tried and proved,
Together praising.

PART TWO

VII

TENOR SOLO

Urbs Syon aurea,
Patria lactea,
Cive decora,
Omne cor obruis:
Omnibus obstruis
Et cor et ora.

Nescio, nescio,
Quæ jubilatio,
Lux tibi qualis,
Quam socialia
Gaudia, gloria
Quam specialis:

Laude studens ea
Tollere, mens mea
Victa fatiscit:
O bona gloria,
Vincor: in omnia
Laus tua vicit.

Golden Jerusalem,
Bride with her diadem,
Radiant and glorious,
Temple of light thou art:
O'er mind and soul and heart
Thou art victorious.

Who can tell, who can tell,
What noble anthems swell
Through thy bright portal?
What dear delights are thine,
What glory most divine,
What light immortal!

Longing thy joys to sing,
Worthily offering
Love overflowing,
Glory most bright and good,
Feed me with heavenly food,
New life bestowing.

VIII

DOUBLE CHORUS

Stant Syon atria
Conjubilantia,
Martyre plena,
Cive micantia,
Principe stantia,
Luce serena:

Est ibi pascua
Mitibus afflua,
Præstita sanctis:
Regis ibi thronus,
Agminis et sonus
Est epulantis.

There stand those halls on high:
There sound the songs of joy
In noblest measure.
There are the martyrs bright
In heaven's o'erflowing light;
The Lord's own treasure.

In pastures fresh and green
The white robed saints are seen,
For ever resting:
The kingly throne is near,
And joyful shouts we hear,
Of many feasting.

IX

ALTO SOLO

Gens duce splendida,
Concio candida
Vestibus albis
Sunt sine fletibus
In Syon ædibus,
Ædibus almis:

Sunt sine crimine,
Sunt sine turbine,
Sunt sine lite,
In Syon ædibus
Editionibus
Israelitæ.

People victorious,
In raiment glorious,
They stand for ever.
God wipes away their tears,
Giving, through endless years,
Peace like a river.

Earth's turmoils ended are,
Strife, and reproach, and war,
No more annoying;
Children of blessedness
Their heritage of peace
Freely enjoying.

X

CHORUS

A Capella

Urbs Syon unica,
Mansio mystica,
Condita cælo,
Nunc tibi gaudeo:
Nunc mihi lugeo:
Tristor, anhelo.

Te quia corpore
Non queo, pectore
Sæpe penetro;
Sed caro terrea,
Terraque carnea,
Mox cado retro.

City of high renown,
Home of the saints alone,
Built in the heaven,
Now will I sing thy praise,
Adore the matchless grace
To mortals given.

Vainly I strive to tell
All thy rich glories well,
Thy beauty singing;
Still, with the earnest heart,
Bear I my humble part,
My tribute bringing.

XI

QUARTET AND CHORUS

Urbs Syon inclyta,
Turris et edita
Littore tuto,
Te peto, te colo,
Te flagro, te volo,
Canto, saluto:

Nec meritis peto;
Nam meritis meto
Morte perire:
Nec reticens tego,
Quod meritis ego
Filius iræ.

Vita quidem mea,
Vita nimis rea,
Mortua vita,
Quippe reatibus
Exitibus
Obruta, trita.

Spe tamen ambulo:
Præmia postulo
Speque fideque:
Illa perennia
Postulo præmia
Nocte dieque.

Me Pater optimus
Atque piissimus
Ille creavit:
In lue pertulit:
Ex lue sustulit:
A lue lavit.

Thou city great and high,
Towering beyond the sky,
Storms reach thee never:
I seek thee, long for thee;
I love thee, I sing thee,
I hail thee ever.

Though I am unworthy
Of mercy before thee,
Justly I perish:
My follies confessing,
Nor claiming thy blessing,
No hope I cherish.

In deepest contrition,
Owning my condition,
My life unholy,
Burdened with guiltiness,
Weary and comfortless,
Help, I implore thee.

Yet will I faithfully
Strive those rewards to see,
Beckoning so brightly;
Ask in unworthiness
Heavenly blessedness,
Daily and nightly.

For he, the Father blest,
Wisest and holiest,
Of life the giver,
Maketh his light to shine
In this dark soul of mine,
Dwelling for ever.

O bona patria,
Num tua gaudia
Teque videbo?
O bona patria,
Num tua præmia
Plena tenebo?

O sacer, O pius,
O ter et amplius
Ille beatus,
Cui sua pars Deus :
O miser, O reus,
Hac viduatus.

O land of full delight,
Thy peerless treasures bright,
May we behold them :
Thou home of beauty rare,
May we thy blessings share :
Priceless we hold them.

O blessèd for ever
A thousandfold they are
Who shall inherit
Thee, their portion unfailing,
And that mercy availing
Through thy own merit.



If you would like to receive by mail the announcements of the Society in regard to works, dates, singers, and sales of tickets, please send name and address to

CHARLES W. STONE, Secretary, 68 Chestnut Street.

